7:Cook M-3 (1900-1901) 1907
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room, the town hall where most public functions occur, and the club where visitors are received and entertained. The baehytu of the Ta-Dare-Mano Paro village is about 50 by 30 feet and 18 or 20 feet in height. The ridge-pole rests on three tall posts, and shorter posts support the principals. To the rafters and to the wall posts are tied a few bamboo poles, and upon these are bound, rather sparingly, long palm branches with tongue-like leaves to keep out most of the rain, the wind, and sun. It is entered through an opening at each end, like a hole in a haystack, and within is always damp, gloomy, and foul smelling. The family huts, built of the same material, are mostly like a roof resting on the ground and strongly resemble an old haystack with a hole eaten in each end, though occasionally the hut is raised a little and woven palm-branch tongues form a basket-like wall. Deep gloom reigns within these huts. They are made dark that they may be free from flies, and are dens of rubbish and filth. Stuck into the roof are bows and bundles of arrows, war clubs, fishing gear, and instruments and ornaments not in use at the moment. The occupants of this human lair are sprawled on a palm-leaf rug, with a log of wood four inches in diameter for a pillow, and sleeping, or gnawing an ear of corn, a bit of fish or vegetable, or sitting tailor fashion, making beads, arrows, or other objects, or kneeling by the little fire preparing food. When the filth becomes unbearable or disease is prevalent, they do not trouble to clean house, but simply abandon and burn the old and build a new one on a clean spot. Usually the entire village moves to a new place some distance away.

Two families nearly always occupy one hut, and sometimes three or four, or even five. Each family has its camp-fire, which, however, is very small, since the gathering of firewood costs the women much labor. Just over the fire and about two feet above the ground is a small wooden rack where fish and meat and vegetables are roasted or baked. About five feet above the fire is a second and quite large rack, the family pantry, where perishable food is preserved by the smoke of the fire below. Each family or individual has its mattress or rug of long woven palm leaves, and each one a pillow made by binding a small roll of green banana stalks or a length of wood three or four inches thick.

A day or so after our arrival a child of seven or eight years belonging to one of the leading families died. This gave us an opportunity to witness a strange ceremony.

A loud, deep, prolonged bee-aw, ho-o, ah-ah, was bellowed by a quartette of naked, painted, and feathered savages, squatting